The Polynesian.

Vol. 4.] HONOLULU, SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1847. [No. 8.

THE POLYNESIAN,

The Official Journal of the Hawaiian Government, is published weekly at Honolulu, Oahu, H. I.

JAMES J. JARVES, EDITOR.

TERMS.

One copy per annum, in advance, - - - - - - $6 00
One copy six months, in advance, - - - - - - 3 50
Single copies, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 12½

Rates of Advertising.

One square, (16 lines), first insertion, $1,00, each continuance 25 cts.; one half square (8 lines or less), first insertion, 50 cts., each continuance 12½ cts.; Cards, notices, &c. not exceeding one half square, by the year, $6,00; not exceeding one square, $10,00. Yearly advertising not exceeding one half column, $30,00; not exceeding one column, $60,00. Yearly advertising limited to the advertiser's own business.

Legal Advertisements.—Twenty-five cents per line, for the first insertion, and six and one-fourth cents for each subsequent insertion.

Transient advertisers are required to pay in advance.

CHARLES E. HITCHCOCK, PRINTER.

List of Agents for the Polynesian.

LAHAINA, H. S. Swinton. BOSTON, - - G. D. Jarves & Co.
Hilo, - B. Pitman. S. FRANCISCO, Ward & Smith.
TAHITI, - Lucett & Coll'n. MONTEREY, J. H. Gleason.

SILVER MINES OF PERU.

Supposing the reader to have safely accomplished his journey through the solitary ravines, and over the chilly summits of the Cordilleras, we transport him at once to the Cerro de Pasco, famed for the wealth of its silver mines. In a region of snow and ice, at an elevation of 18,073 feet above the sea, he suddenly comes in sight of a large and populous city, built in a hollow and surrounded on all sides by lakes and swamps. On the margin of eternal snows, in the wildest district of Peru, and in defiance of the asperities of the climate, Mammon has assembled a host of worshippers to dig and delve in the richest of his storehouses.

Some two hundred and fifteen years ago, according to the legend, at a small *pampa* that lies South-East from lake Lauricocha, the mother of the mighty river Amazon, an Indian, Hauri Capcha, by name, tended his master's sheep. Having wandered one day to an unusual distance from his hut, he sought shelter from the cold under a rock, and lighted a large fire. The following morning, he saw to his astonishment, that the stone beneath the ashes had melted and become pure silver. He joyfully informed his employer, a Spaniard of the name of Ugarte, of this singular circumstance. Ugarte hastened to the place, and found that his servant had hit upon a vein of silver ore, of extraordinary richness, of which he at once took possession, and worked it with great success. This same mine is still worked, and is known as *la Descubridora*, the discoverer. Presently a number of persons came from the village of Pasco, two leagues distant, and sought and discovered new veins. The great richness of the ore, and the increase of employment soon drew crowds to the place—some to work, others to supply the miners with the necessaries of life; and thus, in a brief time, there sprung up a town of eighteen thousand inhabitants.

The ground whereon Cerro de Pasco is built is a perfect net work of silver veins, to get at which, the earth has been opened in every direction. Many of the inhabitants work the mines in their own cellars; but this, of course, is on a small scale, and there are not more than five hundred openings meriting, by reason of their depth and importance, the name of shafts. All, however, whether deep or shallow, are worked in a very senseless, disorderly and imprudent manner—the sole object of their owners being to obtain at the least possible expense, and in the shortest possible time, the utmost amount of ore. Nobody ever thinks of arching or walling the interior of the excavations, and consequently the shafts and galleries frequently fall in, burying under the ruins the unfortunate Indian miners. Not a year passes without terrible catastrophes of this kind. In the mine of Matagente, (literally, kill people,) now entirely destroyed, three hundred laborers lost their lives by accident. For incuring these terrible risks, and for a species of labor of all others the most painful and wearisome, the Indians are wretchedly paid; and their scanty earnings are diminished by the iniquitous truck system which is in full operation in the mines as well as in the plantations of Peru. The miner who, at the week's end has a dollar to receive, thinks himself fortunate, and forthwith proceeds to spend it in brandy. The mining Indians are the most depraved and wretched of their race. When a mine is in *boya*, as it is called, (that is to say, at periods when it yields uncommonly rich metal,) more laborers are required and temporarily taken on. When this occurs in several mines at one time, the population of Cerro de Pasco sometimes doubles and trebles itself. During the *boyas* the miners are paid by a small share in the produce of their labors. They sometimes succeed in increasing their wages by stealing the ore, but this is very difficult, so narrowly are they searched when they leave the mine. One man told Dr. Tschudi how he had managed to appropriate the richest piece of ore he ever saw. He tied it on his back, and pretended to be so desperately ill, that the corporal allowed him to leave the mine. Wrapped in his *poncho*, he was carried past the inspectors by two confederates, and the treasure was put in safety. Formerly, when a mine yielded pelvorilla, (a black ore in the form of powder, but of great richness,) the miners stript themselves naked, wetted their whole body, and rolled in this silver dust, which stuck to them. Released from the mine, they washed off the crust, and sold it for several dollars. This device however was detected; and for several years past, the departing miners are compelled to strip for inspection.

Like the extraction of the ore, the purification of the silver from the dross is conducted in the rudest and most primitive manner. The consequence is an immense consumption of quicksilver. On each mark of silver, worth in Lima eight and a half dollars, or about thirty shillings, it is estimated that half a pound of quicksilver is expended. The quicksilver comes chiefly from Spain—very little from Idria—in iron jars containing seventy-five pounds weight. The price of one of these jars varies from sixty to one hundred dollars, but is sometimes as high as one hundred and forty dollars. Both the amalgamation and separation of the metals are so badly managed, as to occasion a terrible amount of mercurial diseases amongst the Indians employed in the process. From the refining houses the silver is, or ought to be, sent to Callana, the government melting-house, there to be cast into bars of a hundred weight, each of which is stamped and charged with imposts to the amount of about four dollars. But a vast deal of the metal is smuggled to the coast and shipped for Europe without ever visiting the Callana.—Hence it is scarcely possible to estimate the quantity annually produced. The amount registered is from two to three hundred thousand marks,—rarely over the latter sum.

Residence in the Cerro de Pasco is highly disagreeable. The climate is execrable; cold and stormy, with heavy rains and violent falls of snow. Nothing less than the *auri sacra fames* could have induced such a congregation of human beings, from all nations and corners of the globe, in so inhospitable a latitude. The new-comer with difficulty accustoms himself to the severity of the weather, and to the perpetual hammering going on under his feet, and at night under his very bed, for the mines are worked without cessation. Luckily earthquakes are rare in that region. A heavy shock would bury the whole town in the bosom of the earth.

Silver being the only produce of the soil, living is very dear in the Cerro. All the necessaries of life have to be brought from a great distance; and this combined with the greediness of the venders, and the abundance of money, causes enormous prices to be demanded and obtained. House-rent is exorbitantly high; the keep of a horse often costs, owing to the want of forage, from two to three dollars a day. Here, as at Lima, the coffee and eating houses are kept by Italians, principally Genoese. The population of the town is the most motley imaginable; scarcely a country in the world but has its representatives. Of the upper classes the darling vice is gambling, carried to an almost unparalleled extent. From earliest morning, cards and dice are in full activity: the mine proprietor leaves his counting-house and silver carts, the trader abandons his shop to indulge for a couple hours in his favorite amusement; and when the evening comes, play is universal in all the best houses of the town. The mayordomos, or superintendents of the mines, sit down to the gaming table at nightfall, and only leave it when at daybreak the bell summons them to the shaft. Often do they gamble away their share in a *boya* long before signs of one are apparent.—Amongst the Indians, drunkenness is the chief failing. When primed by spirits, they become quarrelsome; and scarcely a Sunday or holiday passes without savage fights between the workmen of different mines. Severe wounds, and even deaths, are the consequences of these encounters, in which the authorities never dream of interiering.—When, owing to the richness of a *boya*, the Indian finds himself possessed of an unusual number of dollars, he squanders them in the most ridiculous manner, like a drunken sailor with a year's pay in his pocket. Doctor Tschudi saw one fellow buy a Spanish cloak for ninety-two dollars. Drawing it round him, he proceeded to the next town, got drunk, rolled himself in the gutter, and then threw away the cloak because it was torn and dirty. A watch-maker told the doctor that once an Indian came to him to buy a gold watch. He handed him one, with the remark that the price was twelve gold ounces, (two hundred and four dollars) and that it would probably be too dear for him. The Indian took the watch, paid for it, and then dashing it upon the ground, walked away, saying that the thing was of no use to him.

Besides the mines of Cerro de Pasco, Dr. Tschudi gives us details of many others situate in various parts of Peru. The Salcedo mine, in the province of Puno, is celebrated for the tragical end of its discoverer. Don Sose Salcedo, a poor Spaniard, was in love with an Indian girl, whose mother promised to show him a silver vein of uncommon richness if he would marry her daughter. He did so and worked the vein with great success. After a time the fame of his wealth roused the envy of the Conde de Lemos, then viceroy of Peru. By his generosity and benevolence Salcedo had made himself very popular with the Indians, and this served the viceroy as a pretext to accuse him of high treason, on the ground of his stirring up the population against the Spanish government. Salcedo was imprisoned, and sentenced to death. Whilst in his dungeon he besought Count Lemos to send the papers relating to his trial to the supreme tribunal at Madrid, and to allow him to make an appeal to the king's mercy. If this request were granted, he promised to pay a daily tribute of a bar of silver, from the time of the ship's sailing from Callao to that of its return. In those days the voyage from Callao to Spain and back occupied from twelve to sixteen months. This may give an idea of the wealth of Salcedo and his mine. The viceroy refused the condition, hung up Salcedo, (in May, 1669) and set out for the mines. But his injustice and cruelty were doomed to disappointment. Whilst Salcedo prepared for death, his mother-in-law and her friends and relatives betook themselves to the mine, destroyed the works, filled it with water, and closed the entrance so skilfully that it was impossible to discover it. They then dispersed in various directions, and neither promises nor tortures could induce those who were afterwards captured, to reveal the position of the mine. To this day it remains undiscovered.

Another example of the exceeding richness of Peruvian mines is to be found in that of San Jose, in the department of Huancavelica. Its owner asked the viceroy Castro, whose friend he was, to stand godfather to his first child. The viceroy was prevented from going himself, but sent his wife as a proxy. To do her honor, the proprietor of San Jose caused a triple row of silver bars to be placed along the whole of the distance, and it was no short one, between his house and the Church. Over this costly causeway the vice-queen Castro accompanied the child to its baptism. On her departure her magnificent Amphitryon made her a present of the silver road as a mark of gratitude for the honor she had done him. Since then the mines and the province have borne the name of Castrovireyna. Most of the former are now no longer worked—in the richest of them, owing to the careless mode of mining, one hundred and twenty-two workmen were buried alive at one time. Since then no Indian can be prevailed upon to enter it.

The Indians have not been slow to discover how little advantage they can derive from the mining system, procuring them, as it does, small pay for severe labor. Hence, although acquainted for centuries past, with innumerable rich veins of ore, the knowledge of which has been handed down from father to son, they obstinately persist in keeping them secret. All endeavors to shake this determination have hitherto been fruitless; even the rarely failing argument of brandy, in these cases loses its power. The existence of the treasure has been ascertained beyond a doubt; but there is not a shadow of hope that the stubborn reserved Indian will ever reveal their locality to the greedy Creole and detested Metis. Numerous and romantic are the tales told of this determined concealment, and the prudence and watchfulness of the Indians. "In the great village of Huancayo," says Dr. Tschudi, "there lived, a few years ago, two brothers, Jose and Pedro Iriarte, who ranked amongst the most influential of Peruvian miners. They knew that in the neighboring hills veins of almost virgin silver existed, and, with a view to their discovery, they despatched a young man to a village near which they suspected them to be situate. The emissary took up his dwelling in the hut of a shepherd, with whose daughter, after a few months' residence, he established an intrigue. At last the young girl promised to show him a rich mine. On a certain day, when she drove her sheep to the pasture, he was to follow her at a distance, and dig the spot where she should let her cloak fall.—This he did, and after very brief labor found a cavity in the earth disclosing ore of uncommon richness. Whilst breaking out the metal, he was joined by the girl's father, who declared himself delighted at the discovery, and offered to help him. After some hours' labor they paused to rest, and the old Indian handed his companion a gourd of chicha, (a fermented drink,) of which the latter thankfully drank. Soon, however, the young man felt himself ill, and knew that he was poisoned. Taking his wallet full of ore, he hastened to the village, mounted his horse, and rode to Huancayo, where he informed Iriarto of what had occurred, described the position of the mine, and died the same night. Immediate and careful researches were of no avail. The Indian and his family had disappeared, the mine had been filled up, and was never discovered.

A Franciscan monk, also resident in Huancayo, a confirmed gambler, and consequently often embarrassed for money, had gained, by his kindness, the affections of the Indians, who constantly brought him small presents of cheese and poultry. One day, when he had lost heavily, he confided his difficulties to an Indian, his particular gossip. The latter promised to help him, and the next evening brought him a large sack full of the richest silver ore. The same was repeated several times; but the monk, not satisfied, did not cease to importune his friend to show him the place whence he took the treasure. The Indian at last agreed to do so. In the night time he came, with two companions, to the dwelling of the Franciscan, blindfolded him, put him on his shoulders, and carried him, alternately with his comrades, a distance of some leagues into the mountains. Here the monk was set down, and found himself in a small shallow shaft, where his eyes were dazzled by the beauty of the silver.—When he had gazed at it long enough, and loaded himself with the ore, he was carried back as he had been brought. On his way he unfastened his chaplet, and from time to time let a grain drop, trusting by this means to trace out the mine. He had been but a few hours in bed when he was disturbed by the entrance of his guide. "Father," said the Indian, quietly, "you have lost your rosary." And he presented him with a handful of beads.—[Blackwood's Magazine.

VIENNA.

Extract of a letter from a correspondent of the Rochester Daily Democrat.

VIENNA, August 17, 1846.

I know of no place where a stranger can so soon make himself at home, or where he can find more to amuse, than in Vienna.—After nearly three weeks residence here I shall go away leaving nothing but pleasant recollections. And yet if any one should ask me why I was pleased, I should find it hard to say. Every one around seems to be happy, and in good humor. The people are usually industrious, perfectly contented, look on every thing by its bright side, leaving all anxiety, and uneasiness, and ambition, to those who are forced to govern themselves, and seem to make it their object to be happy while it is to-day. I go out strolling about the streets and public walks, with my hands behind me, saying nothing to any one, and, whether I will or no, I catch the universal spirit of happiness and genial courtesy, and come back pleased with myself and the whole world. The dreaded strictness of the government and police, so unyielding to every thing deemed hurtful to the general good, seems to leave us when once established under its protection, and the citizens of Vienna enjoy among themselves a freedom of social intercourse and an absence of all the hampering restraints of society, as unknown as it is unintelligible to the inhabitants of free countries. Men are not afraid to say what they think and to act as they feel; no one finds fault with his neighbor for difference of opinion or conduct, for all walk alike in a path of their own choosing. The Rake and the Devotee do not upbraid each other—each seeks amusement in his own way, and when they come together they always find some common ground to stand on, and social intercourse flows on kindly and smoothly without the jar of conflicting opinions and without the sacrifice of individual character.

Very naturally, from the absence of social restraints, results a laxness of social love, and Vienna has for a long time maintained the reputation of being one of the most dissolute capitals of Europe. Let one fact alone betray the whole truth. One half of the children born in Vienna are illegitimate.

And yet that fact does not convey the whole truth. For a stranger, knowing that alone, would come here expecting to be shocked at every step by the evidences of vice. The very reverse is true. I have never any where seen public decorum better observed, and it would be impossible to traverse the streets of New York, a city of about the same population, without seeing more misery and wretchedness, and more disgusting display of vice ten times over.—Vice does not so degrade here—there always remains a feeling of self respect. There is always open a path to reformation. Even virtue seems to forget to crush the wanderer with her anathema, and only waits to welcome back the penitent.

The Government and Police, instead of endeavoring by force to crush immorality, an endeavor which has always failed, seems to content itself with palliating its ill effects. A hospital is provided where women are admitted in the most secret manner. Their names are not asked. No one can approach them but the physician or nurse. The officers of the law cannot enter its walls. Their presence there cannot be proved in courts of justice, and if they are not able to pay the small pittance of their support they are allowed the alternative of two months service there as nurses. The Foundling hospital receives annually over five thousand children. The question of the moral effect of these institutions I leave to causists. That they prevent a vast amount of suffering and crime and degradation there can be no doubt.

The Austrians seem to be among the most sociable, friendly, light hearted people on earth. To more than French gaiety and love of amusement they have added the genuine goodness and kindness and truth of the really noble German character. They are industrious but not grasping. I have had occasion to make some purchases, and I also accompanied Mr. R.—— on similar excursions. Goods were handed down to us with the utmost politeness—if we chose to buy, well, if not, they were equally pleased and did not bid us the less kindly good morning as we quitted the shop. The prices we always found invariable. It is the first city I have seen in Europe where any pretension is made to shutting the shops on Sunday. Here Sundays and Holidays are rigorously observed—that is as far as cessation from business is concerned. The shops are closed early every evening and then the whole world makes itself merry—not with noisy rioting, but with the genial kindly intercourse of people who respect themselves and each other, and have no care on their minds. The contrivances for social amusement—and their amusements are all social—are of infinite variety, suited to every taste and to every purse. Music is an essential element in them all. Dancing has a share in most. The only placards in the streets, which are daily renewed and read by all with interest are the announcers of evening assemblies; concert in this, garden *Reunion* in that; ball in one place and something else in another, and around the corners where these handbills are posted may be seen from morning till night a group of readers—pretty girls with prayer books in their hands coming home from mass; fops stroking their mustachios; servant maids with market baskets on their arms, and demure matrons leading their frolicking grandchildren—all stop to hear what are the amusements of the day, and all continue to have a share in them when the evening comes round.

In a part of the broad and shady glacis which encircles the old town, in a place where several paths meet, is built a very neat *cafe* and two little pavilions, from which mineral waters brought in bottles from their respective springs are dealt out to all who will come and drink. It is the most fashionable summer lounge in Vienna. They call the spot "The Wasser Glacis," (water glacis.) All around under the shade are arranged white settees, and chairs, and tables; the ground is hard and smooth from the trampling of innumerable feet. The paths are sprinkled often through the day to lay the dust and keep them cool. And from morning till night the whole place is gay with visitors. Near the *cafe* several light roofs are run over the more frequented parts of the ground and afford a thicker shade than the foliage of the horse chesnuts; among them, in a little round pavilion, a band of music plays at intervals throughout the day. Here come in the morning gentlemen loafers to sip their coffee in the shade, and read the papers, and smoke to the sound of music.—Soon after come little groups of ladies—the younger with the last new novel in their hands—the elder with a work bag on their arms. Sometimes they call for an ice cream; sometimes they pick up a pear or a peach from their pockets, and so knitting, or reading, or talking, with an air of perfect contentment and enjoyment, they see the sun go up towards noon. Meanwhile come matronly young mothers leading a couple of children loaded with playthings, and seating herself where she and they may have most freedom, each takes out her knitting work, and while the children romp and grow healthy in the free air, looks on and is happy. All through the day people are coming and going; but those who come are more numerous than those who go, and towards evening the number amounts to many hundreds, but there is no crowd. Twice a week there is a concert, on which occasion the pavilion is occupied by some distinguished band, often by that of Strauss, who is known by his waltzes throughout the world. Then the number of visitors is doubled. It is all gratuitous. The proprietor of the *cafe* finds his compensation in the increased amount of refreshments that he sells. Occasionally, however, an extra concert is given, on which occasion a stylet railing is run around a space of a couple of acres; the enclosure is brilliantly illuminated; two bands of musicians play alternate with each other through the evening, and a small fee of ten kreutzers, about seven cents, is demanded for admission. The company then counts by thousands, and the most joyous, gay, good-humored and brilliant company that I ever had the good fortune to find myself in. The effect is magical. I defy any misanthrope in the world to walk ten minutes in the bright gay throng without being in a good humor, and for once in his life loving his race. The people are so habitually together, that an easy and graceful manner is almost universal. A bashful, half formed boy who does not know what to do with his hands, or an awkward girl, acting as though she thought every one was looking at her, is a phenomenon not to be seen. I don't think the Viennese ladies, on the whole, can make much greater pretensions to beauty than they do to virtue; but, in compensation, they have an easy, graceful, unaffected manner; they